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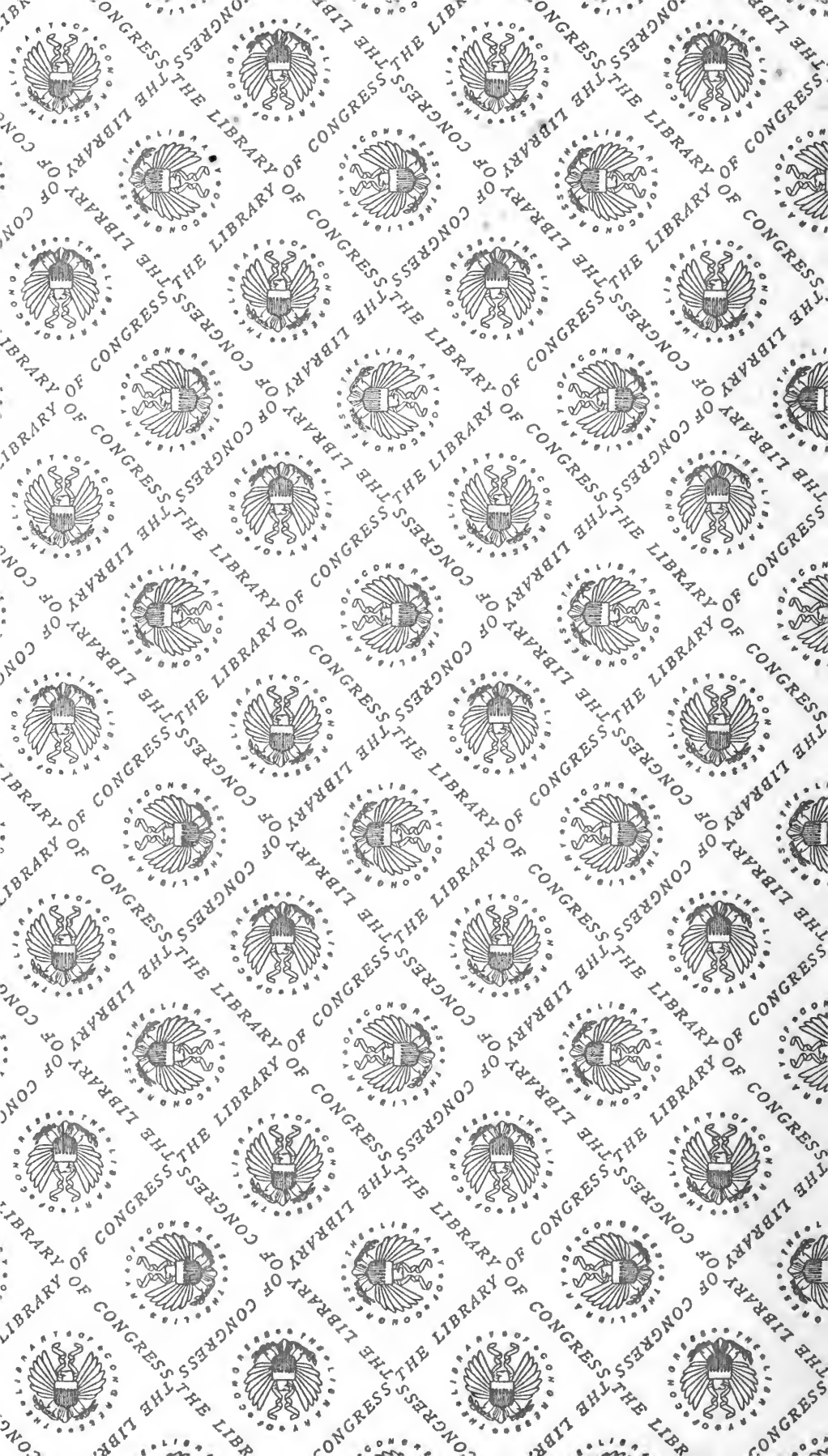
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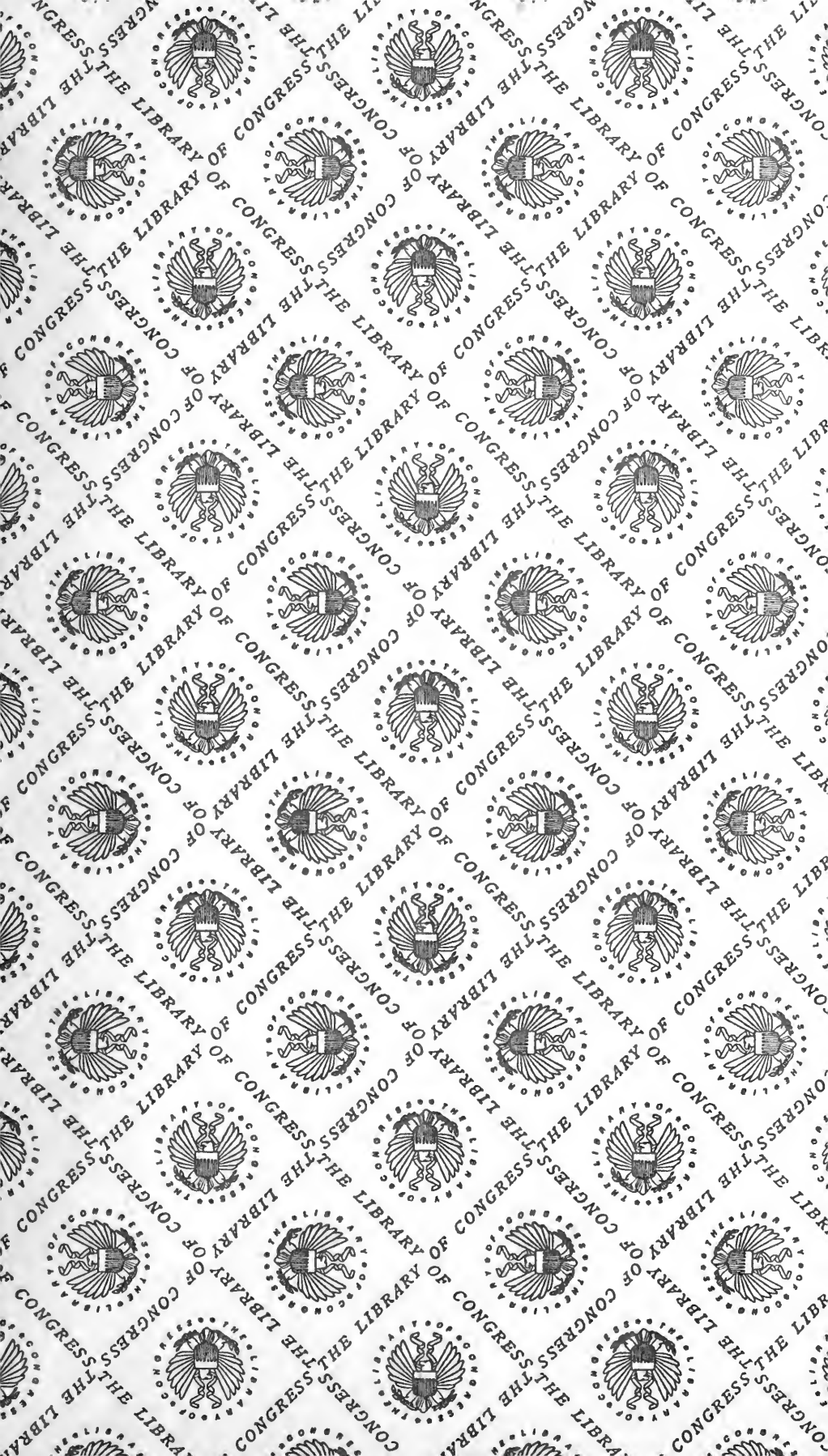
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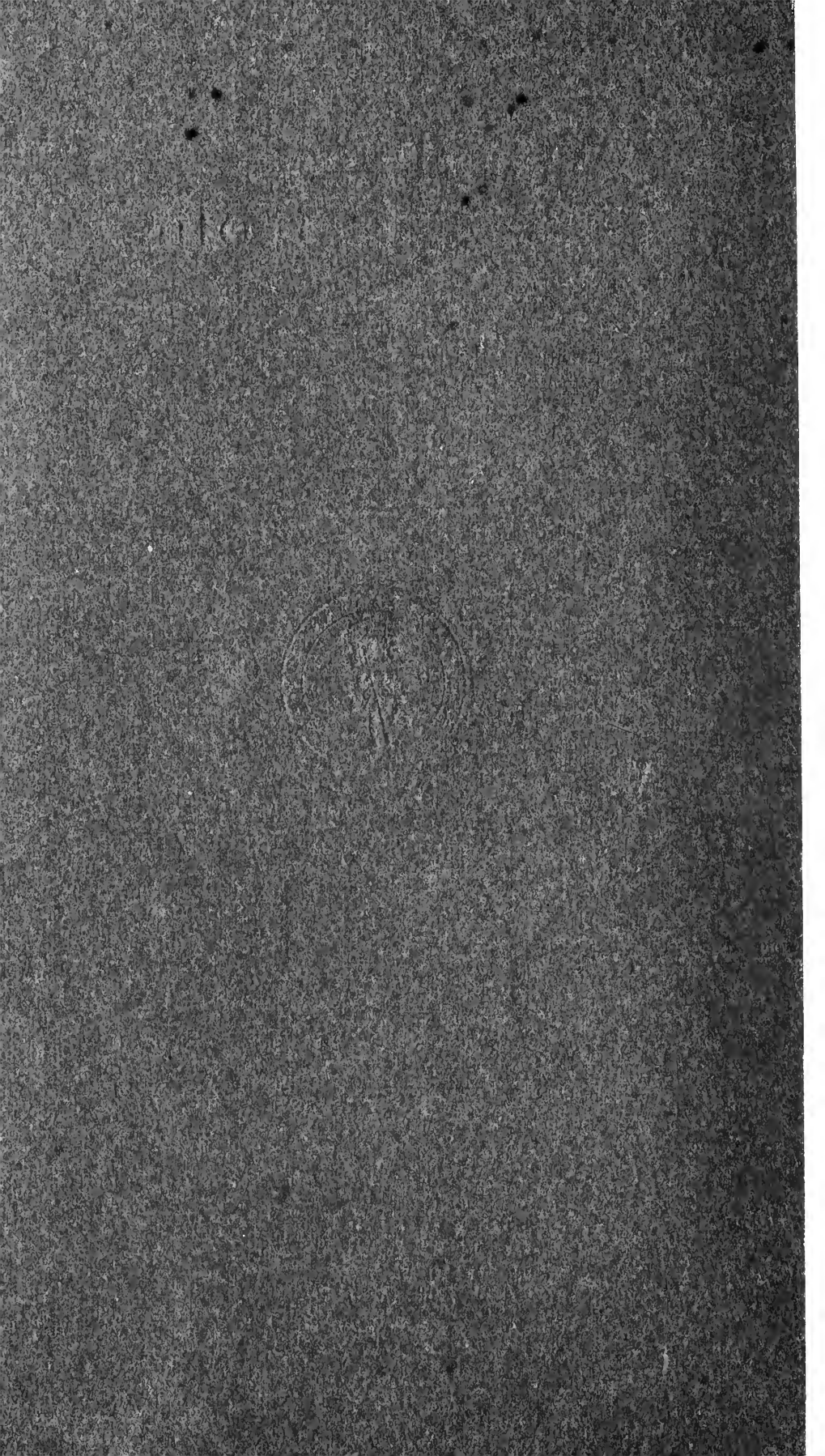




Washington and Lincoln



Cyrus Townsend Brady



Washington and Lincoln

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Wm. Townsend Tandy



Washington and Lincoln

A Comparison, a Contrast and a Consequence

An Address Delivered on June 18, 1904

at

Valley Forge, Penna.

Before the Pennsylvania Society of
Sons of the Revolution

To Commemorate the Abandonment of the Camp by the
Continental Army in 1778

By

The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, LL.D.



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Washington and Lincoln.

A Comparison, a Contrast and a Consequence.

GENTLEMEN AND COMRADES, SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Deeply sensible of the privileges of the opportunity you have afforded me, I undertake the discharge of its obligations with a seriousness of intent and an earnestness of purpose which I trust will win me the consideration accorded to honest endeavor.

Rare, indeed, is it that any man whose station is merely that of a private citizen of our Republic is permitted to address so distinguished an assemblage, amid such historic surroundings, on so happy an occasion. And profoundly do I appreciate the honor. Without further preliminary save this assurance, therefore, I enter upon my pleasant task.

Nations are like men. They begin, they end, and between their limits are comprised the seven ages. Their span is longer than that of the individual, but short enough in the sight of Him to whom a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past.

The United States of America was conceived at Lexington, quickened at Bunker Hill and born at Philadelphia. It was baptized in blood and snow at Trenton. It spoke stern words from the cannon mouth at Saratoga. It struggled desperately for life amid the cold at Valley Forge. It struck boldly for victory at Guilford Courthouse and the Cowpens. It finally assumed the *toga virilis* of independence at Yorktown.

Youngest among nations centuries old it had to run the gamut of experience thereafter. It grew by leaps and bounds until its confines were measured by the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. The Mississippi from a boundary

became a bisector. Its position was assured by the death grapple at Lundy's Lane; on the decks of the frigate *Constitution*; behind the cotton bales and sugar barrels at New Orleans. Thereafter it was fain to sow its wild oats; consequently it behaved badly in '46 and '47 in Mexico. Lastly, it stood upon its feet and fought successfully for its very existence in '61 and '65, in the longest, the most costly and the most terrible of modern wars.

To-day, before the wondering nations, it faces the future with a confidence, an assurance, begot of the past. Yet no one may say what the years may bring to it, or what it may bring to the years, in the days that are to come.

History is usually but the record of events. The chronicler goes from crisis to crisis. The story of a people is epitomized in the lives of its great men. The mind leaps in succession from figure to figure. Yet this is but half of history. Great men are the products of their time, crises the culminating points of slow-moving persistent forces; as the water swells inward from the sea in long undulations scarcely noticed until the crest of the wave breaks, flashes into sudden foam and is gone.

With a full consciousness of this mighty, determinative under-current, it is yet difficult to disassociate history from the crisis and from the men who dominated it, or failed. It is the white cap that catches the eye when the heaving of the deep passes unnoticed. It is the light that shines in the darkness that discloses the nature of the surrounding midnight. This is the use of the study of crisis and man; by it we are led to deeper things hidden from superficial glance.

Disregarding for this argument the greater fields of literature, art and science, with no disparagement of their importance—God forbid!—we confine our attention to men of affairs.

Among the ancient Hebrews stand Moses the Law-giver and Paul the Saint. Rise in our minds at the name of Greece, Pericles, chief of her statesmen; Alexander, greatest apostle of her progress; Leonidas, high exemplar of her courage. Rome with her two thousand years of history recalls Cæsar, typifying her ambition; Brutus, her patriotism; Augustus, her empery. Charlemagne, the unifier; Richelieu, the statesman; Napoleon, the law-giver, appear for France; Frederick, creator of the kingdom.

Bismarck, founder of the empire, for Germany; Czar Peter and Empress Catharine for Russia; Gregory the Seventh, that Hildebrand of Canossa, for Italy; Charles V. and Christopher Columbus for Spain. Nearer our own, we bare our brows before that stern ironside, Cromwell, and that sailor of sailors, Nelson, for England. We bow lowest of all in homage to the greatest patriot, the noblest character of the first sixteen centuries of our era, William the Silent, of storm-beaten Netherlands.

Then we turn to America. The men we have enumerated are those that have stamped themselves upon five thousand years of history. It might be unfair to expect that in one century and a quarter the new nation could produce any fit for inclusion in that brilliant category. Yet it has done so. My mind dwells to-day upon two names, which can never be disregarded by any who strive to enumerate the small score of the world's supreme—George Washington and Abraham Lincoln!

It has been the fashion among those who have been privileged to address you upon successive commemorations on this historic field, to dwell upon the local happenings, the history of events. The account of the ragged, destitute, hungry men at Valley Forge, freezing, bleeding in the snow, yet holding on, has been repeated many times and oft. And well it may be; for such a story of deathless heroism it is difficult to parallel in the annals of nations. The men of Valley Forge can never be too highly praised, their heroism too largely dwelt upon. Here they overcame victory. Here they defeated defeat. Here they founded an heritage for, and gave an example to, succeeding generations.

But I have deliberately chosen to fix my attention this morning rather upon the man than upon the men. And I have broadened the scope of my remarks. Valley Forge stands for the supreme struggle of the Revolution. The place is national, therefore, Nay, it is epochal in universal history. In my judgment the cause of American independence was settled here rather than on any other battlefield in the war. Surviving this winter its future might be delayed, but it was assured. For man here fought against nature. He had to oppose his feeble powers not to men who differed from him only in degree of strength or capacity, but to those immutable laws which bring the heat in summer and

the cold in winter, which produce the thirst pang and the hunger grip. Against these the highest human courage usually avails nothing. Before these man breaks and falters. So did not our forefathers in the snow.

The ambition of Napoleon was finally buried on the ice-heaped plains of Muscovy; the genius of liberty lived, it grew, it thrived at Valley Forge. Therefore, from the long roll at Lexington to the grounding arms at Yorktown, the supreme incident of the American Revolution is the winter at Valley Forge.

Happy is that great commonwealth, Pennsylvania, keystone of the mighty federal arch, which includes within its borders such hallowed ground; for, as I have said elsewhere and to this splendid assemblage, no spot on earth—not the plains of Marathon, nor the passes of Sempach, nor the place of the Bastile, nor the dykes of Holland, nor the moors of England—is so sacred in the history of the struggle for human liberty as are the hills of Valley Forge.

You will bear with me, I am sure, if I take a long leap through the years and call your attention to another fact which justly fills us as children of Pennsylvania with a double pride; that within our borders is a second spot hallowed by the blood of men, of equal importance and of equal interest in our history and in the history of the world with this. That sacred field lies to the westward where rise the slopes of Gettysburg.

At Valley Forge it was determined whether or not the Republic should die in its childhood; at Gettysburg it was settled whether or not the Republic should exist in its manhood. As in the winter of '76 the opponents of liberty put forth their greatest efforts, seconded by the bitter circumstance of nature, to stifle the new idea, and failed; so in '63 the Confederacy reached the "high topgallant" of its fortunes when brave Armistead fell before the Pennsylvania soldiers on Cemetery Ridge. There were five years of varying conflict after Valley Forge, and two years of bloody fighting after Gettysburg, but in both cases it was but the ebbing of a tide.

The man who stands to us for the heroism at Valley Forge is George Washington; the man who stands to us for the supreme event at Gettysburg is Abraham Lincoln. At first glance no two

men could be more dissimilar, yet the first is the cause of the second, the second the complement of the first. For to George Washington and Valley Forge are due Abraham Lincoln and Gettysburg. In history they can never be disassociated. This is a contrast, a comparison and a consequence.

The struggle that has been going on in the world since the days primeval has been a struggle for human liberty. Viewed from the nearer point this fact has usually been uncomprehended. The baser passions of humanity, the ambition of kings, the love of women, the pride of potentates, the covetousness of states, aye, even the claims of religion, have precipitated wars; and the results have often seemed in accord with such conceptions, methods and aims. But he who reads history aright—"that power charged with the promulgation of the judgment of God upon the pride of man"—will see that in the larger total throughout the ages things have worked together for good. Oftentimes the conqueror who has defied God's laws and ministered to his own ambition has been made, despite himself, the avatar of a new dispensation, the tyrant has brought liberty in his train.

In every age there have lived men who were ahead of their times, who have nobly perished in an herculean effort to drag to some higher level the sluggish mass. And other men, sometimes lesser, sometimes greater, upon their failures have builded success. Rare indeed has there been a fortuitous concurrence of time and mass and man.

One of the greatest of the liberators was Cromwell. He could strike down injustice, he could kill a tyrant, but he could not build a structure which would outlast his own personal influence. The passing of the Protector brought back that contemptible fribble Charles II. Brutus could remove Imperial Cæsar, simply to make way for the more imperial Augustus. Alexander could bring a vast empire under his sway which fell to pieces by its own weight when his death, in a drunken brawl at thirty-three, relaxed the welding hand. Napoleon could incarnate the spirit of the French Revolution—that thing of noble sentiment and atrocious deed—and, when opportunity and his genius put the world at his feet, could grasp at omnipotence until the mere human frame, unable to sustain such a divine attribute, gave way, and the man ate out his own heart, an exile at St. Helena.

The greatest before our own nation gave the world assurance of a man was William of Orange, the Dutch patriot and statesman who stands next to Washington. *Sævis Tranquillus in Undis!* Rarely has there ever been such a people, such a leader, such an opportunity and such a success as in the Netherlands. It is good for the world that he and they lived and wrought as they did. Yet to-day kings and queens reign in the country for whose independence he fought alike the ravaging sea and the ravening Spaniard!

When what has been called the greatest document ever struck off at one time by human hand, the Declaration of Independence, was spread before the eyes of startled Europe; in spite of the age-long struggle, human liberty—civic, political and religious liberty, that is—was in most countries a philosophic dream. Even that sturdy little Helvetian confederacy was under the domination of an oligarchy as narrow and as supreme as that which had swayed for a thousand years the destinies of Venice. There was liberty nowhere on the surface. There was a passion for it everywhere in human hearts.

Then it pleased God to bring together in America such a group of men as few countries have ever assembled at one time within their borders. James Otis, John Adams, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, Robert Morris and Benjamin Franklin, to think and plan; Nathaniel Greene, Israel Putnam, Anthony Wayne, Daniel Morgan, John Stark, Francis Marion, John Paul Jones, Richard Montgomery, Harry Lee, Baron De Kalb, Marquis de Lafayette, and in his earlier career, Benedict Arnold, to do and dare; and as the unifying spirit not only to direct, but also to lead, and thus to stand supreme among them all—George Washington. Providence also put a blundering fool upon a throne and surrounded him with venal counsellors and incompetent soldiers, to equalize the struggle of the few against the many. Thus the Revolution was fought and won. Thus the country was established.

There is one significant feature of it. It was fought, won and established under the leadership and guidance I might say of an oligarchy, certainly of an aristocracy. We had no official aristocracy in the country, but unofficially there were well-established differences in rank even in democratic New England, where

students were placed in Harvard College in accordance with the social status of their fathers! With few exceptions the soldiers and statesmen of the Revolution were, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, of the degree of gentlemen. They came from the best society of their day. True, they could have done nothing had there not been that fortuitous concurrence of ideas and the ideal as represented by the people and the few. True, they could have accomplished little had not the time been ripe for such leadership as they could offer; had not the idea of liberty been already inwrought in the minds of the people by the slow process of the ages. The understanding of this point is of great importance in tracing our future development. It was the aristocracy of the land to which was due the establishment of the government. Nor by this do I minimize the popular contribution to the work. That was necessary. Nothing could have been accomplished without the people. But without the leadership mentioned nothing could have been done by the people. They were not yet capable of evolving a leader themselves.

There never was a kinglier man in any land, at any time, than George Washington. Wherever such a character might have appeared his career would have been a marked one. If he had not been born to the purple he would have achieved it. No man is independent of opportunity. For if, as Shakespeare says, its guilt is great, so also is its virtue; but if ever a man were independent of opportunity, it was George Washington.

Such an assemblage of qualities as he exhibited has rarely, if ever, been seen before in a single man; yet he was not a demigod. The blood burned in his veins as prodigally as it beats in our own. He was full of the joy of life. His passions were as strong as those of any man. But his character was remarkable for a purity, an honesty, a dignity, a sanity, a restraint, a self-control, an ability and a courage, at which succeeding ages have marveled. The testimony to his qualities is abundant and unimpeachable. In mind and mien he was more royal than the king. In my judgment, had he so desired, he might have been the founder of an empire and a dynasty, instead of the Father of a Republic.

In the earlier history of the struggle for human liberty, we find that the successive steps were always taken upon the initiative of

the great, the gently-born, the well-to-do. Hampden was of the rank of gentleman, as was Cromwell, although he is nearer to an exception to this statement than any other. The Barons of Runnymede wresting the Magna Charta were the high aristocracy of England, and the people without them would have had no power to move the ineffable John. The early leaders of the French Revolution—as Mirabeau!—were of the same high class. Not for a long time did men like Marat and Barère come to the fore. The American Revolution was engineered and directed and assured, I reaffirm, by the aristocracy, the best blood of the country.

What then! Having achieved their task, Washington and his fellows deliberately put liberty and its maintenance into the hands of the people. In the very nature of things, by the very plans which they made, by the Constitution itself, the whole power, the authority of the government, the entire responsibility for its administration and for its preservation, were taken out of the hands of the few and put into the hands of the many.

It is difficult to estimate the importance of that action. There was no precedent for it. Experience had no word to say concerning its feasibility. The boldness of the Declaration of Independence was surpassed by the boldness of the Constitution. The one had stated that all men were created free and equal, that government derived its just powers from the consent of the governed; the other showed that men had the courage to stand by their assertions. Words are lacking to emphasize the sublime faith and the noble courage of the Constitution-makers—again the nation's best! Coldly considered it was an experiment of such magnitude that we stand aghast even in backward contemplation of it. It might have been such a failure.

It is probable that the experiment never would have succeeded if the transition had been sharp and abrupt between the customary and the proposed method of government. The habit of centuries was still strong in humanity. During the earlier years of the Republic the people, timid in their own powers, committed its destinies to the same class under whose leadership had been won its liberty. The earlier Congresses exhibited a degree of wealth, station and culture which no succeeding assemblage of legislators has paralleled.

But the people learned rapidly and their work justified the trust reposed in them. Among themselves the genius for leadership grew and flourished. The first President who came from the people was Andrew Jackson. In character, in service, in ability, he stands midway between Washington and Lincoln, falling short of both, yet worthy of mention with either. What he might have been, given the opportunity of the other two, is a question which it were idle to discuss. No such crises ever confronted him in his career as Washington faced or as Lincoln dominated. The people had much to learn. Much in his career, as their representative, is the subject of merited censure; but the praise outweighs the blame.

In the first ninety years of its history the Republic had demonstrated its right to existence. Its course, save for the blot on its escutcheon involved in the unjust war with Mexico, had been highly honorable among nations. It was not likely that any foreign foe would ever be able to overwhelm it or impair the stability of its institutions. With a constantly increasing success had been demonstrated the feasibility of a government administered by, and for the benefit of, the people. The event had justified the wisdom of the founders. The world on every hand looked on and took lessons. And well it might. No single fact in history has been so pregnant with happiness and welfare to mankind as the demonstration of democratic government which we have afforded. The consequences are not yet exhausted.

The political course of the world's history since 1776 has not been backward. Some of us may live to see the day when Russia will become a representative government, when the absolutism of Germany will be an archaic fiction, and when kings will be by the grace of the people, if indeed they be at all. Some day all civilized nations, whatever their outward form of government, will be as free as we are, as England or as France are, to-day.

For this the world may thank the United States and its makers.

Now a country which may have strength enough to fight valiantly for its existence against external foes may yet carry within itself the seeds of its own destruction. In 1861 came the final trial as to whether or not the experiment that was begun by Washington was finally to come to an inglorious end. Without

passion or prejudice,—certainly it is too late for that now—without any feeling for any section of our country but love and devotion, without going into the causes of the Civil War; looking only to the fact that upon its success or failure depended the existence of the United States, realizing that if one section could separate from the main body upon aggrivement, so also could another, and that one single separation probably meant the solution of all organic coherence and the substitution of a number of jealous, circumscribed, petty and insignificant States for a great homogeneous nation, thus involving the utter downfall of the great idea of the founders of the Republic and of the Constitution; we can realize the importance of the conservation of the United States as a nation.

This was second only—and perhaps I am not right in using the word second—to its establishment. The aristocracy of the country had founded a nation and had committed its government to the people. No longer did aristocracy dominate. No longer does it dominate to-day—I use the words in the old sense of degree; in the long run the aristocracy of talent and character will always dominate in the Republic and elsewhere. Washington had done his part. Would the people be equal in the crisis to the obligations of their position?

Who is responsible for the successful conduct of the war between the States? To whom, under God, is due the perpetuation of the Republic? Many men took great part, many men deserve well of the nation. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Farragut and Meade; Stanton, Sumner, Chase and Seward. Their services are as nothing compared to those of Abraham Lincoln. And he was a man of the people. In every sense of the word, mark it, a man of the people! The people themselves had brought forth a man capable of leadership. Out of the dust of earth did God make this man in His own image. Washington opened the way for Lincoln, and Lincoln trod successfully upon the path.

As Valley Forge brings up Washington, so Gettysburg brings up Lincoln. There was no battle, no clash of arms, at Valley Forge. It was a struggle on the part of Washington and his men for existence in a winter. Lincoln was not on the field of Gettysburg when the war drum throbbed above it and the blood of

men was poured upon it; but whoever mentions Gettysburg thinks of Lincoln, as whoever mentions Valley Forge thinks of Washington. For Lincoln said things at Gettysburg of which the fighting was but the expression, and Washington did things at Valley Forge of which the Declaration of Independence was the record.

Dissimilar I said these men were. Washington, born of the world's great; the richest, the best bred, the most important, the most influential man of his time. Lincoln, so humble, so obscure in his origin that it can with difficulty be traced. Washington, with every grace and charm and characteristic that marks the highbred gentleman; Lincoln, with few or none of these things. One a prince, the other a peasant.

It is idle to speculate as to which was the greater man. Both were necessary, both were complete, both did their allotted work absolutely.

Washington's character is not complex. It is simple and easy to understand—and not the less great and admirable on that account. Be it remarked in passing, that he was no English country gentleman, as has been alleged, but as good an American as Franklin or as Lincoln himself.

Lincoln was a creature of contradictions. In person so homely as when pictured almost to repel, but with an appeal so powerful and inexplainable that in personal contact his ugliness was forgotten. Perhaps men near him caught a glimpse of his soul, unconsciously revealed. A man full of that quaint humor we love to call American, yet over his face a tinge of sadness as if tragedy peeped from behind the mask of comedy. A man whose stories were frequently not repeatable, yet of a deeply religious nature, a piety as fervent as it was uncommon, a trust as pervading as it was sincere. An unlettered man, yet whose beautiful words will live as long as the language of Shakespeare and the English Bible shall endure. A man with many failings, who made many mistakes; a man with the stain of the soil whence he sprang clinging to him; yet with qualities that enabled him to speak to his fellow men with the foresight of a prophet, to accomplish the impossible with the powers of a king, to pursue his duty with the serenity of a saint.

As I look back upon our American history, as I view side by

side these two gigantic men towering among their contemporaries, each ready in the day of need, I break forth in the words of the ancient prophet, "What hath God wrought?" The one to found and build a Republic, to give it a priceless heritage into a people's hands; the other to rise in the crowded hour and say in the words of a greater than man, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. . . . Those that thou gavest me I have kept and none of them is lost."

Oh, flag that floats above us, thank God that from thy blazonry never hath been torn a single star!

As I draw from both these Homeric men the outward seeming, they grow more like. I seem to discern an equal patience, an equal courage, an equal sanity, an equal abnegation of self, an equal desire for the welfare of their fellow men, an equal resolution that freedom shall have her opportunity here in the land they both loved so well. In God's great Valhalla where men meet face to face, each man known for what he is, I see the great noble and the great commoner with clasped hands—friends. One forever, inseparably joined. Named together on our diptychs of the dead who yet will never die. For it was Washington who made Lincoln. For it was Lincoln who assured Washington.

Gentlemen, so much for the past. What of the future? Can we unlock it with the past's blood-rusted key? On the threshold of a new century stands the country of Washington and Lincoln. The United States is menaced by threatening conditions, confronted by difficult problems, weighted with grave responsibilities, external and internal. These are the circumstances of success. To struggle is to live. The law of battle is the law of life. Well might Alexander weep with no more worlds to conquer, for then began his decadence. The country whose need fails to engross its highest citizenship in its problems, in which the people do not cheerfully give their best consideration to its questions, is a country already in a state of decay. Thank God for all our burdens! By them we prove our manhood.

For one hundred years we were content to expand peacefully within our natural limits. Between the seas we reigned supreme. In the twinkling of an eye we found ourselves projected, almost without intent, into the sphere of world politics. Not that we

were in a state of complete isolation before. As with individuals so with nations entire isolation is not possible; as men live among men, so nations must live among nations, sustaining certain definite and well-understood relations with one another, whatever may be the individual desire to be solitary, alone.

But our concerns with foreign powers and affairs had been remote and not of especial importance.

To-day we have become a factor in the politics of the world. In the Chancellaries of Europe the leading question in nearly every contingency,—not purely local,—that arises is, "What will the United States do?" Our American diplomacy which has honesty for its finesse and truth for its subtilty—where neither has been in vogue—takes the lead in public questions. With neither army nor navy comparable in size to that of other nations,—although so far as they go unsurpassed—we are still the greatest single factor to be reckoned with.

We have said to one-half the world, "This half is ours. Keep out of it!" Therefore, we have made ourselves responsible for the welfare, the well-being and more especially the well-doing, of that of which we have assumed to be the warden. How are we discharging that trust? So as to retain the respect of older powers, on the one hand, and the affection of those newer nations of which we have assumed the guardianship on the other, or not?

Our flag floats in the sunrise on one hemisphere in Porto Ricc at the same hour that it is gilded by the sunset in the Philippines on the other. And the end is not yet. We are about to tear asunder the barrier which has separated ocean from ocean since God called the dry land from the deep. This is our position among the weak and the strong. What is to be the end of our expansion? Shall we go on? Shall we stand still? Shall we acquire? Shall we retain?

Never in history did a nation say as we did to Cuba, "Go, you are free!" Shall we say that some day to our little brown brethren across the Pacific? Shall we train and try them for that end? Shall we grasp at power with greedy rapacious hands? Shall we give way to vaulting ambition which shall by and by o'erleap itself and carry us down in its fall? That depends upon you, oh, Sons of the Revolution, for in that name, in larger sense, may I not include all the citizens of the Republic?

Shall the Republic continue to stand for honesty and integrity and the fear of God among the nations? Shall there be liberty wherever the flag flies, or else the withdrawal of the flag? Shall we stand eternally for what Washington founded and Lincoln preserved? Or shall we do some other thing? That depends upon you.

There come to our harbors every day a horde of people from the Old World, following that westward moving star of empire, seeking their fortunes in this land of equal opportunity for all, of special privilege for none. What shall we do with them? What shall be our position with regard to immigration? How much of such an influx can our people assimilate? What quantity of food of that character can the nation digest? How many foreign people can we turn into good American citizens without lowering our immortal standards? How far shall we shut the open door? What restriction shall we place upon our welcome? That depends upon you.

These are external problems. There are internal ones, perhaps of greater moment and harder to solve. Within our borders are millions of black people, an alien race whose mental habit and temperament differ from ours even as we are physically at variance. What shall we do with these people? Believe me, Appomattox simply changed the form of the question. It settled another question, not that one. Emancipation solved one problem only to introduce another. That problem confronts us with a constantly increasing demand, a demand full of menace, fraught with appalling possibilities. There appears as yet no solution of it. Education, we fatuously cry, but education is not the universal solvent. We can not educate away the racial difference. The welfare of this country depends on the retention of power by the white race. White and black in blend make gray, the ruination of the positive and valuable in both. How shall this be a white man's country with a white man's government and yet a fit home for the black man? What are we going to do about this question? That depends upon you. From you must come the prophet to show us the way.

The principle of combination is universally accepted in the affairs of men. Consolidation, concentration, are the conditions

of success. How far may this consolidation and concentration in the form of capital, on the one hand, and of men on the other, be brought about? And when brought about what relation shall they sustain to each other? What shall we do with the trusts, what shall we do with the unions? That depends upon you.

Life without law is impossible. Laws are man's expression of his reading of the will of God. Happy is the state in which the laws are not only adequate but observed. How shall we check the general disregard of law which is so singular a reversion to conditions long past when every man was a law unto himself? Long ago the right of private war was done away with. There is a backward swing of the pendulum of public opinion. Men have forgot that vengeance is God's and punishment belongs to the state. How shall we reassert effectively our determination that the law shall be administered only by those whom we have charged with that solemn, that vital duty?

The daily histories of the times, the newspapers, ring with charge and countercharge of political corruption in city, state and nation. We would fain believe that much of the hue and cry is false, but we know that a terrible proportion of it is true. The best blood of the nation is strangely indifferent to the demands of the hour. For good government there should be a proper blending of Washington and Lincoln, the one representing education, culture, refinement, the other the great beating heart of the people. It will not do to trust to the low, the ignorant and the venal, the issues of life and government. Republics in history have tended to become oligarchies. Shall we reverse the work of Washington and Lincoln and submit ourselves unresisting, indifferent, to an oligarchy of bosses?

And there are social problems as pressing. The sanctity of home life, the holiness of the marriage relation, is everywhere invaded. The social unit, the family, is being sundered into disorderly atoms by the growing evil of divorce. In it we are striking at the children.

There is a growing inclination to excess on the part of the rich and the well-to-do which is fatal to national honor, to national honesty. Frugality is to a democracy what modesty is to a woman. Extravagance is an attribute of empire. The follies of

men in high station are vices when they are translated by men of less degree. There is a tendency in our midst to become intoxicated not only with our position in the world, but with our internal prosperity. How shall we check it?

Publicity is the safeguard of a Republic. Concealment is the essence of despotism. How, while conserving the freedom of the press, shall we also conserve the freedom of the private citizen, so that his personal affairs with which the public have no concern shall not be exploited and misrepresented by unscrupulous newspapers?

These, gentlemen and comrades, are a few of the things which call to the patriotism of to-day. Love of country is usually associated with the bullet and the bayonet. The call of the flag above our heads is not merely a summons to war, it is a demand upon every citizen at every moment to do his civic duty with the same devotion, the same courage, with which he would answer an appeal to arms. It takes more resolution, of a higher if of a different order, to grapple with the questions which I have so briefly outlined, than simply to follow a leader or even to lead ourselves in the high places of the field.

In what did Washington's greatness lie? In what did Lincoln's greatness lie? I would not affirm that they were supreme above all others in any particular field. Washington, brilliant soldier that he was, was not the greatest captain that ever set a squadron. Lincoln, profoundly politic and farseeing as he was, was not the greatest statesman that ever outlined a policy. Indeed it would be hard to point to any one thing in which these two unchallenged might claim the palm.

They were great because in each of them were blended a congeries of qualities which made up a personality, not supernatural or superhuman, as many would fain urge, but a personality far beyond the common lot; a personality that was honest, that was pure, that was unselfish, that was able, that was devoted to mankind, to the country in which they both served; a personality which chose duty and service for its watchwords. When you analyze great men, as a rule you will find that their greatness lies in that mysterious thing we call personality, which is made up of, and is yet disassociated from, special talents. Many talents go to

make genius. To be great there must be balance and proportion. Without these the most brilliant achievement lacks permanence.

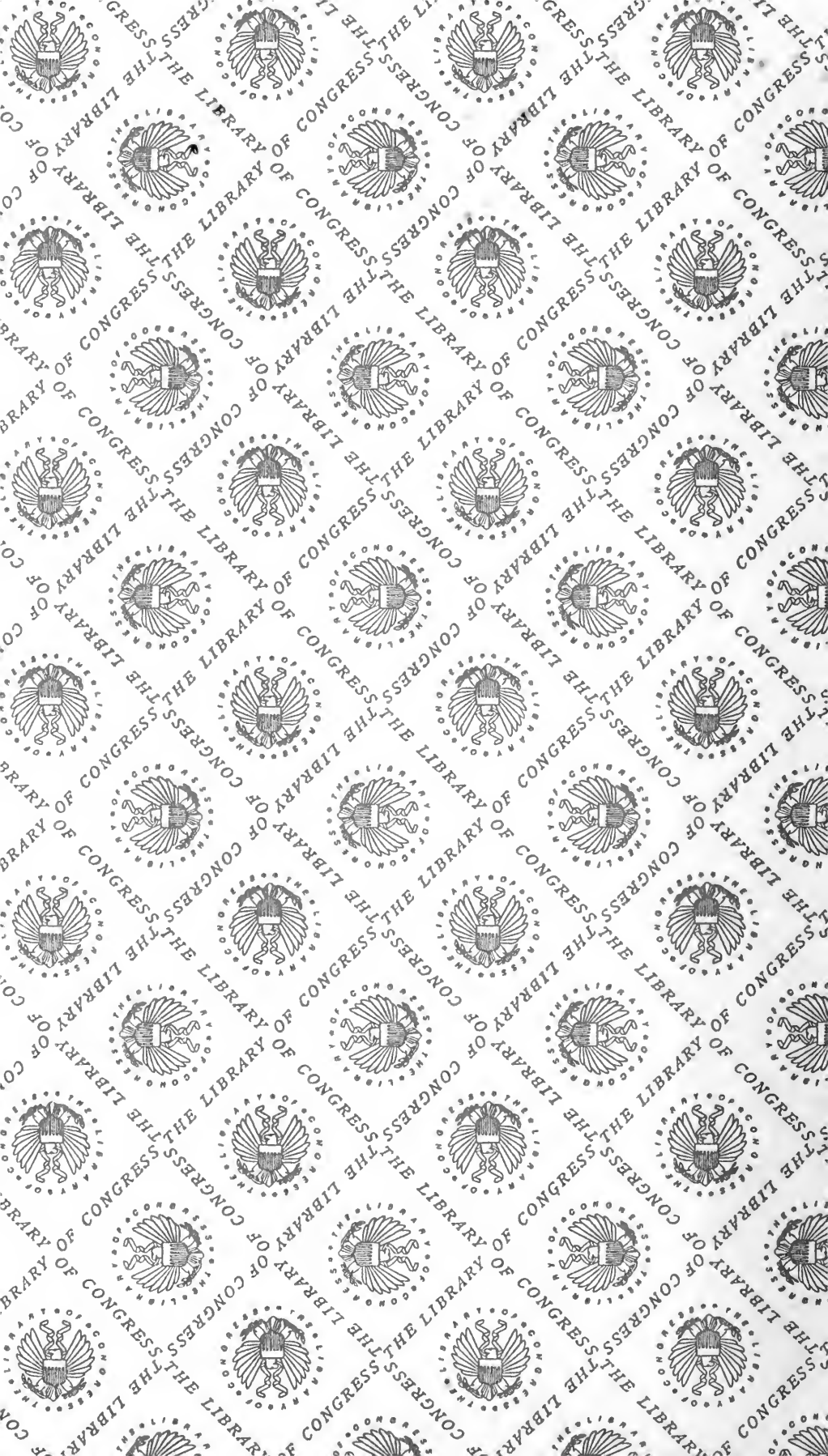
We cannot all be great statesmen, great soldiers, great administrators—what you will, but we may all be great patriots. We can each one of us so direct these qualities which God has bestowed upon us as to become a personality whose sole aim and end is the betterment of men and the service of the state. It is not idle for me to bid you strive to follow the example of Washington or of Lincoln. There is no example too high for us to struggle to attain, not even the Example of the Cross.

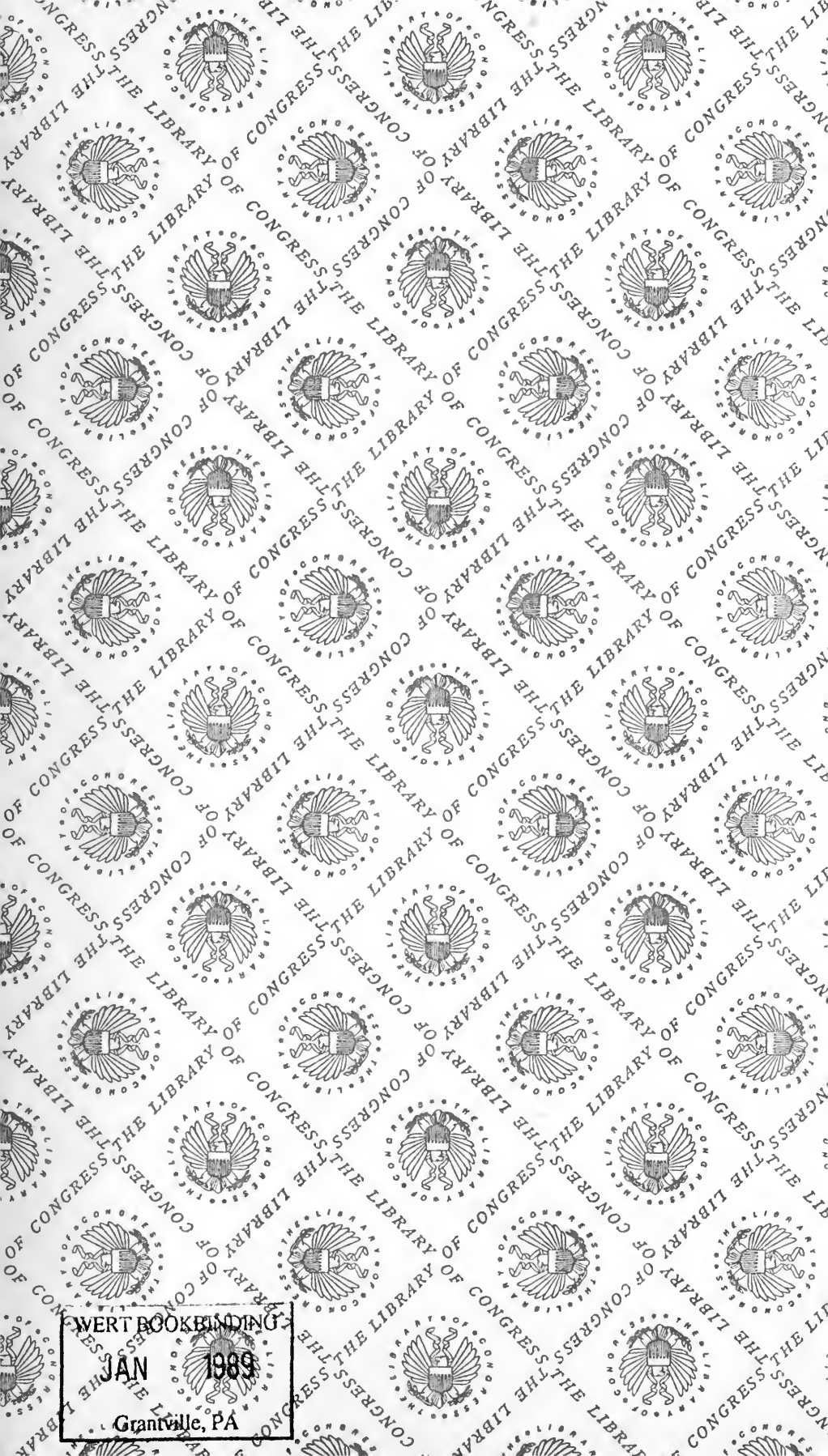
Like the ancient Roman I do not despair of the Republic. God mercifully in the past hath preserved us. Sure His hand hath led us through valleys and shadows. He hath sustained us in the hour of gloom and defeat. He hath restrained us in the day of triumph and success. Humbly am I confident that He will not desert us now. He hath more work for us to do.

But we may not thrust all the burdens of our future upon Him. As the work of salvation in the individual is a co-operation between God and man, so the work of salvation in a nation is the co-operation of the same Power and the people. Let us here consecrate ourselves anew to the service of mankind in the spirit of our forefathers. In Lincoln's spirit: Let us here highly resolve that if we, individually or collectively, can bring it about, this government of the people and by the people, and for, not merely the United States, but all humanity as well, which looks to us as the light of liberty throughout the ages, shall not perish from the face of the earth.

And, by the grace of God, and in the name of Washington and Lincoln, oh, my countrymen, let us rise in our manhood and seize the glorious opportunities which are ours for the taking in this country of the free.







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